

Business Office.....115 E. Main Street
Richmond, Va. 22202
Telephone 1000
Lynchburg Bureau.....15 Eighth Street
Lynchburg, Va. 24501
Telephone 1000

By Times-Dispatch Carrier Delivery Service in Richmond (and suburbs) and Petersburg.....One Week
Daily with Sunday.....\$1.50
Daily without Sunday.....\$1.00
Sunday edition only.....\$1.00
Weekly (Wednesday).....\$1.00

Entered January 27, 1902, at Richmond, Va., as second-class matter under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

SUNDAY, APRIL 21, 1912.

MUDDYING THE WATER.

There are political cut-throats in Clay Ward, just as there are in the other wards. Tiger habitat of the ward meeting. Like the cut-throats of the sea, when scared or dismayed they effect something to mislead and befog—hot air. They muck and muddy the water to try to keep people off the right path. The cut-throat of the sea "darts backward with amazing velocity," and some of the politicians in Clay Ward did that very thing Friday night at the meeting of the Henry Clay Club. The game of these dibranchiate cephalopodous leaders is to run in unit and incompetent men for the Administrative Board in a grab-bag primary, so they oppose a convention to nominate the Administrative Board, saying, "We repudiate any such thing. It is merely a trick of the politicians to go back to the old rotten convention days and to make deals against the interest of the people." That is a political trick itself, so old that the good people of Clay Ward will not be misled by it. The politician who charges that is like the man who cries "step thief," and then grabs the bacon and runs with it home himself. The very people who assert that the convention is a trick are the tricksters themselves.

There are no better citizens in Richmond than those of Clay Ward. The Times-Dispatch believes that they will vote their convictions, but it earnestly trusts that such convictions will not be based upon the demagogic poppycock that was tossed at the meeting Friday night by certain narrow and scheming politicians. The voters of Clay Ward and the voters of the other wards in this city are after the best men for transacting a yearly city business of more than \$3,000,000. It follows inevitably that if they desire the best men, they desire the best method of getting those men. Considering the complicated situation brought about by this election, the convention is the only system which can be devised for expressing the will of a majority. Under the primary system, a minority can usurp the rights of the majority and elect the board in this case. The Times-Dispatch believes in the people, and if the people could get together in some way and agree upon a ticket for the Administrative Board, the difficulty would be cleared away. That is an impossibility, however. The convention is the only way out of it; the people send their agents to the convention and the agents represent the people. The convention does away with minority rule, with cumbersome procedure, allows flexibility, judgment and the exercise of wisdom.

The people have a right to a convention. They know that a convention is the only method by which they can be guaranteed the five best men. They know that the convention will nominate men acceptable to a majority of the electorate; they know that the convention would not dare do otherwise. The politicians are afraid that a convention would nominate men unacceptable to them; they fear that the convention would weigh common sense and good judgment more than hot air and handshaking. The ward politicians who raise such a mighty outcry about "the people" are the very ones who are trying to prevent the people from settling the best government. These ranting demagogues, with their smiling faces and ready hands, talk a lot about the "people," but they understand among themselves that what they want is that the people shall not have what the people want.

The men who induce a convention are among the most reputable, patriotic and upright people of Richmond. The opposition to a convention is largely composed of a lot of ward leaders and ward politicians who do not want the city to have good government.

The people of Richmond are not going to be fooled by anticongressional tricksters, who are trying to hide their own trickery by muddying the water. Twaddle and demagoguery cannot keep the people from listening to the voice of their own experience and wisdom, rather than to the prating of dismayed demagogues.

OUR WATER-TIGHT DOORS.

More important for men than the automatic working of water-tight bulkhead doors is the automatic working of instinct. To draw multitudinous lessons from the wreck of the Titanic, based on how the passengers thought is not particularly logical or consistent, and much of the discrepancy in various stories of the survivors is due to the fact that they did not think at all, but that now they are thinking, and trying to adjust to the humdrum scale of daily habit what was done in a moment of elemental terror and soul confusion. For example, much of the contradiction about what really happened is traceable to the effort to tell a

sinking ship as convention dictates it should have happened. People who have read about wrecks want to be correct in their own adventure.

In fact, these people were not seeing anything save what most immediately concerned their own self-preservation. The human face would be in a bad way if they had been interested in anything else but self-preservation and the larger preservation of the race through its women and children. Their minds had been stripped bare like battlements ready for action, so that in the open spaces of their consciousness, the grim, stern laws of nature might grip them and guide them for their own ends. Some of them are still stunned from the sudden influx of the elemental. Some of them are trying to explain and shield the reactions of instincts that they find are rotten at the core. Of these is the pugnacious fool who in some way was saved among the women. When he reached New York, a reporter asked him the direct question of how he came to escape under such circumstances. The gentleman knocked him down. That is the complete definition of a coward. His instinct was so decayed in heart that he sacrificed manhood for life. And now he attempts to assert a silly and futile bravery by an appeal to the dead tradition of fists when there is no danger. It is a good thing that the hearts of millionaires and peasants showed no luxury streak, resulting either from luxury or poverty. Their instincts were right. And it is a pretty fine thing for the race to learn that its automatic doors are swinging on eternal hinges to keep out the waters of decadence and annihilation.

A SIGNIFICANT RELIGIOUS CONFERENCE.

A most remarkable and significant religious conference was held recently in Tokyo, Japan. It is not too much to say that it signified the promise of the greatest and most rapid forward movement of Christianity in the Far East since the Cross was first planted there. Buddhism and Shintoism are and have been for ages the native and state religions of Nippon. Christianity has been tolerated, but not "recognized." Especially with the higher and more intelligent classes of Japanese has it been under a ban of prejudice.

The conference was composed of seven Christians, thirteen Shintoists and forty-six Buddhists, the Christian delegates being from the Presbyterian, Episcopal, Catholic, Methodist, Baptist, Congregationalist and Greek Churches, respectively. The most important fact, however—a momentous fact—is that the government was officially represented by four members of the Imperial Cabinet and several chiefs of bureaus.

The assemblage, which is described as having been most dignified and exclusive, declared that harmonious religious relations were essential to national prosperity and progress. No outsiders were admitted; calm but earnest discussion, in which there was entire unanimity of thought and purpose, marked the proceedings, and all the delegates, it is officially reported, "united in a joint resolution" favoring co-operation in politics, education and religion for the improvement of social and moral conditions and the development of civilization. "Each religion, however, strictly observing its own province of operations." Upon the action of the conference the seal of Imperial sanction was put by the presence of the government's representatives and their acquiescence in the declaration and the resolution.

In short, Christianity has now been, to all intents and purposes, proclaimed a state religion of Japan, which is to stand on an equal footing with and be accorded equal respect from the people with the empire's ancient and hereditary religions.

A BUSINESS VIEW OF THE FEE SYSTEM.

Strangely enough, some of the most determined opposition to the fee system of compensating some public officers comes from Lynchburg, which shares with Louisa Vista the undesirable distinction of being the headquarters of the fee gentry. The Merchants' Journal and Commerce, under the outspoken editorship of Norman H. Johnson, has been raising loud protest against the fee system. That publication is to a great extent the special organ of the business men of Virginia, the country storekeepers, the merchants, the traveling men, the people who believe that government is for the benefit of the many and not for the loot of the few.

In its last issue, the Merchants' Journal and Commerce deplores the political cowardice of the members of the last General Assembly who obeyed orders and denied consideration to the West fee publicity bill. They did this in the face of the "known fact that many sheriffs, clerks of courts, tax collectors, etc., receive more than the Governor of the Commonwealth—even two to four times as much in fees as

the Governor, Attorney-General, Superintendent of Education and many other State officers receive in salaries." Our contemporary thinks that "to the victor belongs the spoils" is the sole justification for this inequality. "It is taken for granted that these county officers control the votes of their counties, and therefore they should dip their fingers into the public trough in the ancient and accepted manner." Paying large salaries for small responsibility and small salaries for large responsibility is securing a class of public officers who, on the whole, are overpaid.

"There is not a private enterprise, not even the steel industry, that could survive the management given public affairs in the State of Virginia a single year. The taxes, in proportion to welfare work done, are more burdensome than in Commonwealths that have built good roads, superior schools, and in almost every department of public administration shown efficiency," says this organ of Virginia business men, adding that these conditions will continue to hurt Virginia as long as the people close their eyes to the incompetency of public officials and send men to the General Assembly who either lack "power or brain" to shoulder their responsibilities to the people. "It is just a little past the time for the people of the South to sit up and take notice of this appalling cost of municipal, county and State government. It would be wholesome if they would now take some action to stop the political evils which seem to be expanding steadily and which constitute a large, although often disregarded element in the high cost of living."

North Carolina is just at present aroused over the fee system, and the indications point to an utter eradication of such a costly political cancer. Several Tarheel counties have voted out the system under the principle of local option; one of these counties, Guilford, has already made an annual saving of \$12,700. How long will it be until the Virginia people will have the courage to put their own money into their own pockets, instead of "blowing" it on their petty officials?

BUY YOUR TAG!

Once a year the Instructive Visiting Nurses' Association appeals to the general public for help in its work. To-morrow is that day. Buy your tag!

That should be every word that is needed to point out the duty of helping to care for the sick through the beneficent institution of the visiting nurse. The call to every generous heart is direct and convincing. Nobody should have to be told at this late date of the good these gentle Samaritans do. Yet few perhaps know how scanty are the funds with which the work is carried on. From all sources last year the income of the association was \$5,315. Of this, \$2,319 was the contribution of an insurance company for service rendered its clients, and \$2,929 the amount raised on Tag Day. The remainder came from the churches, the city of Richmond, the Board of Health and private sources.

But during the year 25,726 visits were paid to a total of 3,300 patients! Few charities pay a more magnificent cent dividend in the comfort and relief of suffering than this. These results were achieved by a staff of nine, a head nurse, an emergency nurse, and seven regulars who covered the city by districts. They visit the sick who are without proper care, give them such attention as is immediately needed, instruct the family in matters of diet and hygiene and assist in securing proper facilities for nursing and treatment. Indeed, there is not much that a good woman, trained for the work, would do in a house of sickness that is not done. It is a pleasant thing to remember that a tender-hearted woman, bent upon unselfish social service for a very slight salary, rather than as abstract instructive nurses.

The heart of the city should be moved to open and lavish generosity for such a cause. Nothing less than \$5,000 should be thought of to-morrow as a Tag Day profit. This is the one time of the year when the whole city can have the fun of giving together for its own sick and unfortunate. If dollars can be spent for dinners to prove Richmond citizens are working shoulder to shoulder for her good, what is it worth to feel the unity of a common charity? The Mayor has issued a proclamation giving the streets to the ladies of the association. There is no pressure brought to bear to make any man give, but the man who doesn't give will feel like the fellow who survived from the Titanic by stealing into the places of women and children. But big hearts put their own pressure on purse strings and burst them open for others. So you and you and you had better buy a tag and hang it from your buttonhole to show your heart is in the right place.

DESTRUCTION AND FULFILLMENT.

(Selected for The Times-Dispatch.)

"I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill."—Matthew v. 17.

It was necessary that Christ, the Son of God, manifesting His Father to mankind, should live at one special point in human history. There had to be some one age whose peculiar circumstances should give shape to the events of His life; some one land had to become sacred and memorable as that on which His feet had walked. But while this is true, every one who understands Christ knows that what took place visibly in Palestine is taking place spiritually everywhere and always. Christ is always coming, and that gracious Presence which men saw and touched, and whose words fell with warning or exalting power on their ears, while it had its own separate value, was also representative of what is continually going on. What Christ was then, He always is, and

what He did then He is always doing. So when we want to know how Christ worked then and would have us work now, we have the Gospel for a perpetual guide.

He walks unseen in the world, as once He walked unseen in Jerusalem, and He speaks to men's attentive souls as once He spoke to their listening ears. Our text illustrates this. When Jesus came into the world to establish the perfect religion, He found an imperfect faith. He brought a higher and diviner presence. He came with a complete salvation. There were two ways for Him to treat this imperfect faith which was already here. He might either have swept it away and begun entirely anew, or He might have taken it, imperfect though it was, and filled it out to completeness. He could destroy or He could fulfill. His choice comes to us in his own words: "I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill." And herein lies the fundamental method of the Master's ministry. There is a vast difference between a fulfiller and a destroyer. To illustrate the difference let us look at it in nature. The most majestic power of the earth is not destruction, but the forces of fulfillment—those that crowd and encourage every process forward to its full activity of construction and growth. Nature takes hold of every capacity of living, no matter where it is found, and turns it into life. Her rain and dew and sunshine feel the least spark of vitality. Then let us go further and consider what man does to his fellow man. Influences come from man to man as the dew and sunshine. There are always lives dependent upon others—lives about each of us awaiting our ministry—and the question comes, which treatment of the two will we give. Our child, our friend, our scholar, our servant—will we fulfill him or will we destroy him? We will be sure to destroy him if we dwell on every fault he may have and give him only rebuke or contempt and make him feel himself weak and drive him to despair. On the other hand, we can fill his life to the full by judicious encouragement and praise. If we only continue to recognize every feeble effort to do right, we may inspire him with hope, and make him seem to himself worth cultivating and developing. There are some men who call out the best in their brethren everywhere. There are men in history whose whole life was of this sort. They made the better part of human life seem possible. Their lives radiated brightness and sweetness, and wherever they came or went, they left the world more vital for their influence.

There are other men whose mission in life is to destroy, by disheartening and discouraging. Let us rejoice that behind all our fellow men is God. There is one soul so sensitive to good that no poor struggler in any corner of the universe is too obscure to be recognized by Him and to remain fixed in His sympathetic recognition. Destruction calls for nothing but hatred and vigor. Fulfillment calls for sympathy, patience, intelligence and hope. The latter must be the nobler work, because it demands the nobler powers. Therefore, with all the strength God has given us let us be fulfillers. Let us try to make the life of the world more complete. If we can grow vigorously brave and pure and true, cowardice and falsehood must perish in us. Let us fill ourselves with Christ's conception of Himself, and how full of richness and peace life becomes. Christ is always fulfilling us, while we wake and while we sleep, in work and rest, in joy and sorrow. He is always leading us forth into higher life and truth. Perfect readiness to be led is all we need to have. God grant He may give us that and then fulfill us with Himself more and more, until we come to His everlasting kingdom.

One of our esteemed county exchanges carries a story this week about a young man in its town who has just received the degree of bachelor of law from an Indiana correspondence law school. "This diploma," says the paper in question, "entitles Mr. — to practice in the courts of Indiana, which is evidence of its standing at home." That's where the joke comes in. Indiana is the only State in the Union where any citizen can practice law, without legal training and without bar examination. In that State everybody is a potential lawyer, and of course, the law school is only giving this young Virginian what he already has.

The Richmond Dollar Dinner idea has been taken up by the Farmville Herald, which asks, "Why not a dollar dinner for Farmville? Eating together gets folks in closer touch, and there are at least 200 good eaters in Farmville who will chip in that amount for a seat at the table." Why should Farmville boost itself by such a dinner? Why shouldn't Orange, Fredericksburg, Blackstone and other towns have such dinners? Richmond found the idea a splendid and successful one.

Jeffrey Mroshan Jeffrey, of Pedder Road, Bombay, India, wishes to be a V. M. I. "rat." The first sergeant who would call the company roll might object, but the rest would probably call him "Tim."

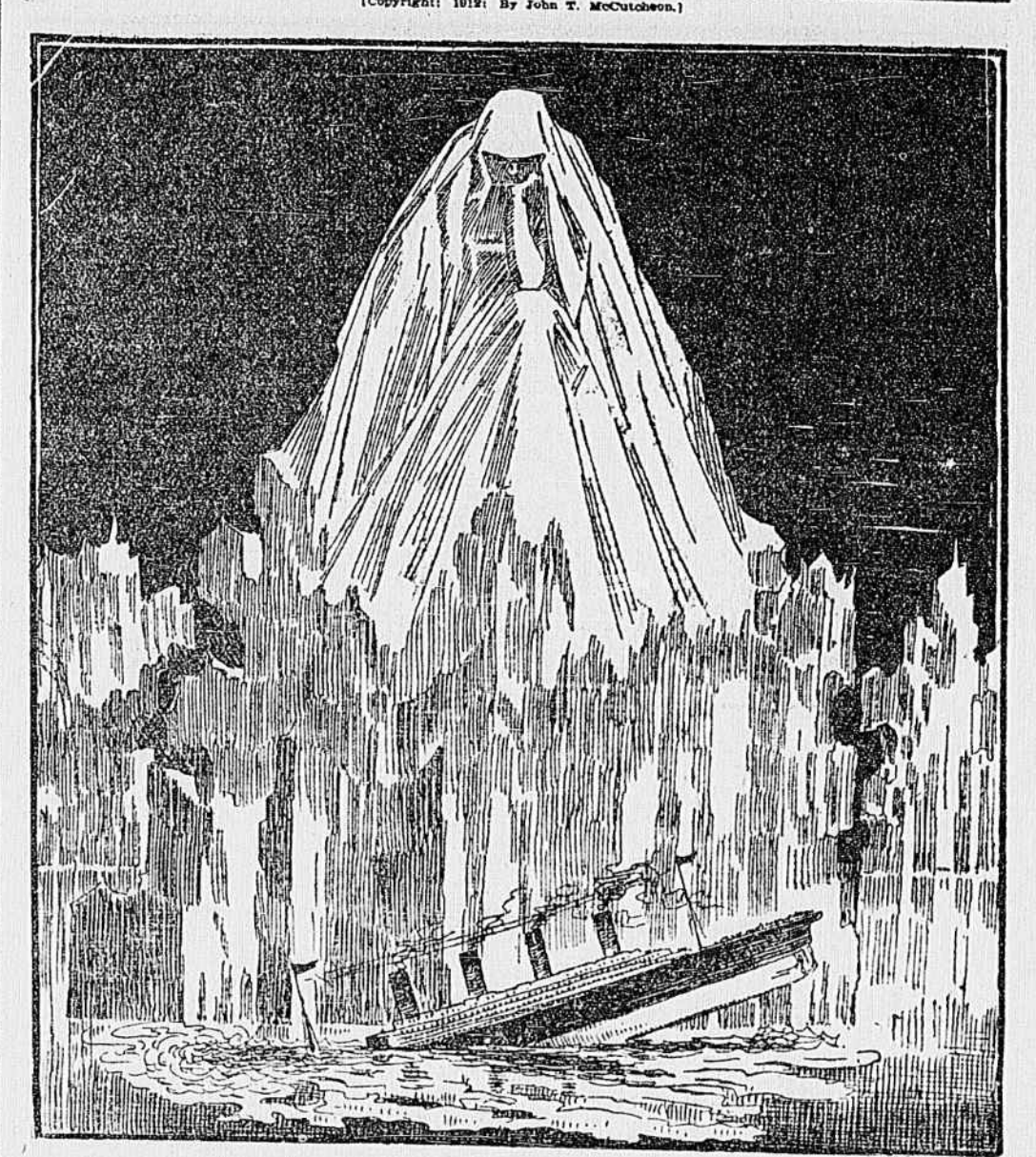
The gentleman who, according to a contemporary, swallowed a whole bottle of laudanum, yet failed to die, perhaps neglected to remove the cork.

The number of hats in the ring of Richmond politics make it look like something from a rummage sale.

Major Archie Butt's last words were, "Remember me to the folks back home." The folks back home will never forget him.

THE RIVAL TITANS. By John T. McCutcheon.

(Copyright, 1912, By John T. McCutcheon.)



RETURNS TO EUROPE TO COMFORT FATHER

Lady Hermione Kennedy Leaves America Following Death of Mother.

BY LA MARQUEISE DE FONTENAY.

LADY Hermione Kennedy, after a stay in this country, where she has many friends, has just been obliged, owing to the death of her mother, the once famous beauty, Beatrice Gordon, to sail for Europe, where she will have the sad task of consoling her father, Lord Alexander Kennedy, who was one of the most

dashing officers of the Black Watch. Lady Hermione was, I believe, born at Cairo of parents who were renowned for their good looks. It would be difficult to conceive of a greater contrast than existed in their younger days between the father and the son. Lord Alexander Kennedy, and his elder brother, Archibald, the present and third Marquis of Ailsa. For whereas Alexander possessed the perfection of easy good breeding and had plenty to say for himself, was the life and soul of any social gathering, he had, on the other hand, a reputation for being a most painfully, almost incredibly shy—comically so in fact. This shyness, which one finds in so many Britons of ancient race, led to many awkward contretemps, some of them owing to the difference between the pronunciation of his name and the pronunciation of his name and the pronunciation of his name. "Ailsa" is pronounced as though it were spelt "Ay-lis" and as if this were not sufficiently productive of confusion, the eldest son of the Marquis of Ailsa bears the title of Earl of Cassillis, which is pronounced "Castles." Amusing misunderstandings were the result of these peculiar pronunciations. For instance, the late Lady Egerton, of Tatton, gave a ball at her house in St. James's Square. While talking to her guests she noticed a quiet young man who behaved as though he had no desire whatever to make himself conspicuous. Not recognizing her modest guest, she walked up to him and asked who he was. "My name is Cassillis," he replied. "Castles! Castles!" exclaimed Lady Egerton. "I know nobody of that name. You are here without an invitation," she said, and without saying another word left the room and the house. Upon his return home he enclosed a complimentary letter from his hostess, and Lady Egerton, who was overwhelmed with confusion at this disconcerting reminder of the fact, which she had momentarily overlooked, that British surnames are not always spoken exactly the way they are written.

There is still another peculiarity of spelling or pronunciation—I will not venture to say which is at fault—in connection with the Ailsa family. The ancestral home, the Castle of Culzean in Ayrshire, is pronounced "Cul-lane," with the accent on the second syllable. At Culzean Castle the present Marquis of Ailsa lives with his second wife, who was a Miss Isabella MacMaster. They are a very happy couple, and their acquaintance began in a rather romantic fashion, more suitable, it would seem, to the pages of a work of fiction than an event in real life.

After the death of his first wife, Evelyn, the lovely daughter of Lord Bunsyre, in 1855, Lord Ailsa went off to India for rest and distraction. On his return journey, as he was about to embark, his friend the Governor of Bombay requested him to show some ordinary and formal courtesy to a fellow passenger, a young girl, who was traveling under the captain's charge in the second-class cabin. She was the daughter of a Scotch gardener, of the name of MacMaster, who had gone out to India to give technical advice as to the management of a tea plantation, and who by his rare skill and sterling character had secured for himself a position of trust on his employer's estate. He had sent home to Scotland for his daughter to come out and keep house for him at Kan-sani, in the Northwest Provinces. The

girl had joined her father, had co-operated with him in his work with all her heart, and had striven to fit herself for the wholly different life to which she had been called.

But suddenly her father died, a victim to one of those swift illnesses that are so common in India, and the girl was on her way back to Scotland. Lord Ailsa sought her out with the intention of obeying his friend's wish that he should be courteous to her. He meant to pay her merely some trifling attentions to while away the tedious hours of the voyage. But her sweet, sad face touched him deeply, and he became greatly interested. Before the vessel touched her home port he had asked her to be his wife, and she had accepted him. It was not until landing, however, that she discovered the position of her admirer and was then greatly taken aback with the thought of the responsible duties she would have to perform as a great lady in her old country, where formerly her status had been so different. However, the Marquis took place in 1891, and she soon won her way into the esteem of all around her by her charm of manner and her many accomplishments. She is one of the most popular hostesses in Ayrshire. The castle is a singularly happy one, and the couple have two children, a girl and a boy.

Ailsa Castle occupies a magnificent position on the west coast of Scotland. Its walls and towers seem to form part of the fantastic cliff on which it is erected. The present building dates from 1777, when the Earl of Cassillis substituted it for the old house that had been the home of the Kennedys since the fifteenth century. The castle stands high, overlooking the sea, with the famous Ailsa lighthouse in the distance. The caves of Culzean, under the castle, have long been famed in fairy tradition, and are certainly a curious object of nature. It is popularly believed that these caves run an immense distance into the interior of the land, and it is said that a piper, who had been employed in them, was in some mysterious depths beneath the ground several miles away from the seashore.

Although Lord and Lady Ailsa give dinners at their London house at Lancaster Gate, in the season, they find their greatest pleasure at their seaside castle. Lord Ailsa is a quiet man, a good husband, father and landlord. His chief interest lies in floriculture, and he has been very successfully successful with the daffodil and the crocus. He has been very successful in gold and silver medals, which people come far to see, the Culzean grounds being generally thrown open to the public.

The family of Kennedy is traditionally descended from the ancient Earls of Carrick. The first of the family mentioned in any chronicle according to Nisbet, is Duncan de Carrick, from which document it appears that he lived in the reign of Malcolm IV, which began about 1150. The grandson of Duncan had a grant of the county of Carrick from his uncle, King David I. The chief of Carrick, who was declared chief of his name, the Kennedy family, was afterwards repeatedly confirmed in the Kennedy family. (Copyright, 1912, by the Brentwood Company.)

The Road to Virginia. Whenever the spring grows tender with that tender feel in the air, I look from my office window and the road to Virginia's there. There are myriad voices calling, and they all say one old thing—Oh, follow the road to Virginia when the grass comes back in spring! The road, the road to Virginia. I take it in dreams to-day. Oh, the hills and valleys. And away, away, away!

And the lanes where the lilacs sweet. The road, the road to Virginia. The old muddy road of the spring, where the yellow hammer makes clamor. And the lips of the morning slugs!

There is nothing to do but to follow, and what do we care where it goes? For ever the road to Virginia will follow the road to Virginia. And whether it be through Loudoun, or Jefferson, or Fauquier, Each foot of the way through the spring-time day will bring the loved land near. The road, the road to Virginia. I look from my window and see. The wayside bloom of that great clean room. Where the outdoors beckons to me!

The plums and the figs are in blossom, and the apricots show their snow. And there's never a green glad country like Dixie Land to go. Though we travel it only in dreaming from a window here in town, 'Tis sweet to follow by hill and hollow the road through the field and the town. The road, the road to Virginia. The road, way winding and fair. With a silver stream in the valley. And a bird poised high in the air. Whenever the spring comes tapping at the sill where I sit and toll, I follow the road to Virginia through the sweet Virginia soil. A little muddy in places, but ever the same old road. Up to the hills where the cross-roads part, in the apple bloom of May. The road, the road to Virginia. The road that dreams like me. May take to the land of the valleys, Or take to the song of the sea! Bentdown Bard, in Baltimore Sun.

NATIONAL STATE AND CITY BANK
RICHMOND, VA.
3% ON SAVINGS 3%

THE Capital and Surplus of this bank amounts to \$1,600,000.00, and in addition to this safeguard the affairs of this institution are managed by a strong directorate, the members of which have always been selected from Richmond's most representative citizens ever since the establishment of the bank forty-two years ago.

UNDER BOTH U. S. GOV'T & STATE SUPERVISION

For Oil Cooking and Heating Stoves
See
N. KLEIN & SON, INC.
220 East Broad.